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SHAKESPEARE'S FALSTAFF TRILOGY.

III. FASTOLF AND FALSTAFF.

Shakespeare, and his co-authors of the first part of Henry VI, were perhaps so swayed by their admiration of Talbot as to be not impartial judges, but a careful study of Fastolf's life seems to show much to sustain their view of his character.

After the Yorkshire campaign, Falstolfe appears to have gone to Ireland in the service of Prince Thomas of Lancaster, while there he married Lady Millicent, widow of Sir Stephen Scrope, and became by this marriage Lord of the Manor of Reedham in Norfolk, being already by descent from his mother, widow of Sir Richard Mortimore, Lord of the Manor of Caister near Yarmouth. Becoming thus early in life, quite a rich subject, he seems to have lost no opportunity of augmenting his wealth. He accompanied the Royal army to France in 1415, and was present at the siege of Harfleur, where he remained in garrison, so that he was not at Agincourt. He subsequently took part in the actions at Caen and Montereau in 1420, and Meaulx in 1421, and in that year he was appointed the King's deputy in Normandy, and Governor of Maine and Anjou. For his services on these occasions he received grants of money and lands in France and England. No mention of any deed or exploit of personal valour has been recorded, but he was probably a skilful and competent officer, and possessed of decided executive abiilty. After Henry V's death, Fastolf was appointed Grand Master of the Regent Bedford's Household, and served him in the recapture of Meulent from the French, and at Compiegne. In 1424 he was made Knight Banneret, at the Battle of Verneuil. His most distinguished service was, however, in the combat known as the Battle of the Herrings. Fastolf was sent in command of a detachment to protect a convoy of provisions going to the army of the Earl of Salisbury then besieging Orleans. It being the Lenten season, the provisions consisted principally of herrings.

When intercepted and attacked by the Count of Clermont, with a superior force, he skilfully arranged his wagons in a hollow square within which he set his archers. They shot with such skill and vigor that the French were repulsed with great loss and the provisions safely conveyed to their destination. As in other cases, what Fastolf showed on this occasion were skill, presence of mind and good judgment, (qualities which his great namesake the fat knight also possessed), rather than personal gallantry. It would seem almost impossible, however, for Fastolf to have been a coward in the ordinary sense of the word, in view of his creditable service and success during so many years fighting. His defect was probably in the heart rather than in the nerves, and arose from the selfishness and coldness of his nature, which sometimes lead to a course of action on the part of men physically brave enough, but morally base, which closely resembles the behaviour natural to a coward. The time which tries men's souls came, however, to Fastolf at the battle of Patay. The French, under the leadership of Joan of Arc, had raised the siege of Orleans, and the English Army, defeated and discouraged, was retreating northward in several divisions. One of these, under Talbot and Fastolf, was overtaken near Patay by the French Army, superior in numbers, and full of confidence and enthusiasm. It was a season when his coolness and experience would have been invaluable, for it is not to be supposed, that Fastolf was infected with the superstitious panic which made many of the English soldiers unable to stand against the forces led by La Pucelle. Monstrelet's account of the battle is probably correct in essential particulars; being a Burgundian he was certainly impartial, and had no hostile feelings towards Fastolf who, as an immediate follower and favorite of Bedford, was brought into rather close relations to the Duke of Burgundy, between whom and Bedford there was a strong attachment. It appears that, on the previous evening, a council was held of the English Captains; Talbot urged halting at once and giving battle, contending that the enemy was too close upon them for a successful retreat. It appears there was a village near, with numerous hedge-rows affording favorable ground for the archers, who, as usual, composed most of the English force. Talbot's opinion was combated by Fastolf, who urged continued retreat, and he was overruled by the Council. The retreat was continued the next day, the cavalry under Fastolf forming the vanguard, and Talbot, with the archers and a comparatively small body of men at arms in his personal attendance, bringing up the rear, a disposition of forces in retreat contrary to usual precedent. The French, stimulated by their gallant leader, overtook and attacked the English rear, soon after they had left the Hedgerows,

and before they had time either to reach another defensible position or to plant their stakes according to their usual practice. Hasty messengers from Talbot urged upon Fastolf to bring back his horse, to extricate the foot, or at least to gain time for the archers to take up their usual position. These messages were entirely disregarded, the retreat of the cavalry continued unchecked, becoming almost a flight, while the archers and the rest of Talbot's force were surrounded and slaughtered, and Talbot desperately wounded and taken prisoner. At the time, several defences were set up for Fastolf's conduct, one that Talbot was wrong in standing to give battle, which Fastolf disapproved, and that he was therefore justified in leaving the infantry to its fate, and escaping with the cavalry. Such a defence carries its own confutation; it was the cavalry's business to guard the infantry's flanks from pursuing cavalry, and to gain for them time to form. But the defence principally relied on, and the one on which it is said that Fastolf ultimately succeeded in having restored to him the Garter, (of which he had been deprived soon after the battle,) was that he was hurrying to the front of the retreating vanguard, to turn them back to Talbot's aid, when he was involved in the struggling mass of fugitives who refused to obey his commands, and was swept back with them far from the battle-field. Jean de Wavrin, Fastolf's faithful attendant, in his testimony varied this account a little, saying Fastolf could not overcome the panic of his soldiers and was with difficulty dissuaded by his attendants from rushing back alone to Talbot's aid, and persuaded to seek safety in flight. Neither of these stories seem probable in view of Fastolf's skill and experience as a commander. The authors of Henry VI give the more natural interpretation to Fastolf's flight:

Fast. Whither away! To save myself by flight. We are like to have the overthrow again.

Cap. What, will you fly and leave Lord Talbot?

Fast. Ay, All the Talbots in the world, to save my life.

That is, Fastolf is convinced of impending defeat; there is no profit in a defeat, no rewards, no ransom of prisoners, on the contrary he may be made prisoner, even if he saves his life; the captured must pay ransom, to honour he is indifferent. He therefore runs away, to live to fight another day. This is exactly Falstaff's philosophy. It will be recalled also, that in Act I, sc. iv., Talbot condemns Fastolf's conduct as treacherous rather than cowardly indicating perhaps actual hostility on Fastolf's part to Talbot, and not merely selfish indifference. The reason of Shakespeare's violent attack on Fastolf in I Henry VI was probably, I think, due to his intense

admiration of the great Lord John Talbot Earl of Shrewsbury, whose enemy Fastolf appears to have been. While it is at least doubtful whether Shakespeare wrote all or much of I Henry VI, there can, I think, be little doubt that he was the author of much or nearly all of that part of the play relating to the exploits of the great Talbot; and it was this Talbot part of the play which made the greatest immediate impression on his contemporaries. We know, from Henslow's diary, that the first part of Henry VI was performed during the month of March 1591, and we find in Thomas Nash's Piers Penniless (1592) the well known reference to its great success. "How it would have joyed brave Talbot (the terror of the French) to thinke that after he had lyne two hundred years in the tombe, hee should triumphe again on the stage, with the tears of ten thousand spectators at least, (at several times), who in the tragedian that represents his person, imagine they behold him fresh bleeding!" And while Shakespeare's name had not appeared so early as in 1592 as that of a writer of plays, there seems strong reason to believe, that Spenser alluded both to Shakespeare's name, and to his description of Talbot's victories, and glorious death, when he speaks of Aetion in his well known lines

> "Whose Muse full of high thoughts invention
> Doth like himself heroically sound."

Now John Lord Talbot, created Earl of Shrewsbury 1442, and killed with his son, July 20th, 1453, in the Battle of Bordeaux and whose glory and titles of honour are set forth in detail in I Henry VI. IV. vii, was one of the traditional heroes of the Midland country, and his descendants and family were the glory and admiration of that part of England. They were devoted adherents of the house of Lancaster, in whose cause the second Earl and his brother Christopher, lost their lives in the battle of Northampton in 1460; and his younger son, Sir Gilbert, then Sheriff of Shropshire under Richard III, joined the Duke of Richmond on his landing, with some two thousand men, and commanded the right wing of his army at Bosworth Field. For his services on this occasion he received from Henry VII, among other rewards, the Manor of Grafton. This beautiful seat, near Bromsgrove, is only about twenty-five miles from Stratford-on-Avon, and even Alton Towers, the ancient residence of the older branch of the Talbot family, in Shropshire was well within the limits of Shakespeare's country. Another well known seat of the Talbots, Haythorpe near Woodstock, was on Shakespeare's direct route from Stratford to Oxford. There

was perhaps also some relation between the Talbots and the Lucy's, since in I Henry the Sixth, III, ii, Sir Thomas Lucy was the messenger sent by Talbot on the vain quest of help and reinforcement from York and Somerset. The Talbots were also, as they have been almost ever since, devoted Catholics, and the great bulwark of the Catholic faith in that part of England. Francis Talbot, the Fifth Earl of Shrewsbury, was one of the two peers (Viscount Montague being the other) who opposed the bill for abolishing the Papal Supremacy in the House of Lords. His son George, the Sixth Earl, conformed to the State Church under Elizabeth, and was Earl Marshall of England, but the greater part of the family adhered to the old faith. Now Talbot was the great enemy of Sir John Fastolf or Falstoff. It was Talbot who denounced that knight for cowardly desertion of the field at the battle of Patay; which denunciation certainly led to the Regent Bedford depriving Fastolf of the Garter at the time, even if, as claimed by his friends, it was subsequently restored to him. The story of Fastolf's cowardice was so strongly impressed on the minds of the author or authors of I Henry VI, that we find it introduced on several different occasions, once quite inconsistently. First, in the great opening scene of Henry V's funeral at Westminster, the third Messenger tells the story of the disastrous battle of Patay with fair accuracy, particularly referring to Fastolf.

> "being in the vaward placed behind
> With purpose and relief to follow them,
> Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke."

In the fourth scene of the same Act, Talbot, after his exchange, refers to the incident, characterizing however Fastolf's behaviour as Treacherous, rather than merely cowardly,

> "But O! the treacherous Fastolf wounds my heart."

Again, in Act IV, scene 1. At the Coronation of Henry VI in Paris Fastolf enters with a letter from the Duke of Burgundy, when Talbot denounces him as a dastard and a craven for his conduct at Patay, and tears the Garter from his leg. Fastolf is forthwith banished by the King without having ventured to defend himself. But in the intervening third Act, scene second, in the series of conflicts before Rouen, we find Sir John Fastolf again reporting a like desertion of Talbot; but this time it is probably only an individual flight on his part which is involved. His language

on this occasion, while not Shakespearean, is quite consonant with Fastolf's mode of thought.

> Cap. What will you fly, and leave Lord Talbot.
> Fal. Ay, all the Talbots in the world, to save my life.

It is hard to say whether the introduction of this second desertion was for the purpose of additionally blackening Fastolf; or whether it may not be one of the several evidences that I Henry VI (as we have it) is a combination of two old plays, not thoroughly digested. It is hardly likely that the writer of Act 1, sc. 3. and Act IV, sc. 1, would have written this inconsistent passage. But if one of these old plays contained the recital of Fastolf's cowardice, while the other made him play the dastard on the stage, it might be that the audience, while listening with interest to the well told narrative, would gladly welcome the actual glimpse at their favorite coward. It will be remembered that, in 2nd Henry IV, Act V, the story of the commitment of Prince Henry to prison, by the Chief Justice, is recited: while the occurrence actually takes place on the stage in "The Famous Victories." Had Shakespeare ever revised I Henry VI, this duplication of the story of Fastolf's flight would probably have been eliminated in some way, as the scene from "The Famous Victories" was cut out in Second Henry IV. But the importance given to this incident is obvious. Mr. Gairdner, in his learned article in the Fortnightly (March 1873) contends that Fastolf or Falstaff was a soldier of undoubted bravery, "though not a jester, and evincing" (as he says) "no humour except bad humour," and argues that Talbot's attack upon his courage was unfounded, and claims that Bedford rightly reconsidered his first condemnation; but the weight of the evidence seems to me to be the other way.

Fastolf's subsequent career in France was inconspicuous, although it is probable that, as Mr. Gairdner contends, his condemnation was rescinded by Bedford, who always had a kindly feeling for his old attendant, and the Garter restored. About 1437, he is said to have returned to England, where he lived in wealth and prosperity, sometimes in London and Southwark, and sometimes at Caister, until his death in 1459 at the ripe age of eighty-two. The Paston letters give us several glimpses of Sir John Fastolf during these last two decades of his life, which seem to show the persistency of the same traits of character, by which he accumulated wealth, but failed to win either honour or affection. Mr. John Paston seems to have been either a nephew or cousin of Fastolf's, and his executor; which accounts for

this correspondence being found in the Paston collection. In Mr. Fenn's first Edition (London 1787) we find a view of Caister Tower (Fastolf's residence) on the title page, and letter 12 is one from Sir John Fastolf to Thomas Howes, Parson of Castle-comb who seems to have been in charge of Fastolf's matters at Caister, written from London May 27th, 1450. In this letter Fastolf expresses dissatisfaction with the behavior of some of his retainers at Caister, which he urges Howes to reform, but is specially indignant at some persons "who kick against you in my right," As to these, he tells Howes to say to them, "they shall be quiet, by Blackbeard or Whitebeard, that is to say, by God or the Devil," which picturesque manner of swearing would seem rather to remind us of our beloved Sir John Falstaff than of Fastolf the supposed Lollard. Letter 13 immediately following is highly important to this inquiry. It was written by one J. Payne, after Fastolf's death in 1465, to Mr. John Paston, but relates to events occurring in June and July 1450, the period of Cade's rebellion. Payne, who seems to have been a faithful servant of Fastolf, claimed to have suffered much on his account, for which he had never been compensated or indemnified by Fastolf, and therefore made this appeal to Paston as his Executor. Payne complains, that being sent by Fastolf from Southwark, where he seems to have had a command, to meet the Comomns of Kent, "to get the Articles that they come for," (that is, I suppose the particulars of their complaints,) he was on reaching Blackheath immediately seized and brought before "the Captain of Kent," (presumably Jack Cade,) who on hearing he came from Sir John Fastolf, "let cry treason" upon him, saying he was sent to spy out their power "from the greatest traitor in England or in France, Sir John Fastolf Knight, the which mynnyshyd all the Garrisons of Normandy, Manns and Mayne, the which was the cause of the lesing of all the King's title &c. beyond sea." Fastolf was also denounced by Cade for fortifying his place in Southwark, with old soldiers of Normandy, to destroy the Commons, and Payne was threatened with death. Payne further tells how, having with difficulty escaped from his captors, he returned to his master Fastolf, who by his advice, put away his old soldiers, and habiliments of war, and took refuge with his family in the Tower of London, by which means he escaped the rebels, but incurred another peril; for Payne further relates that after the rising was suppressed, the Bishop of Rochester, (successor to Oldcastle's enemy), impeached him (Payne) to Queen Margaret, who thrust him into the Marshalsea, and under threats demanded of him to impeach his Master Fastolf of treason, which Payne steadily refused to do, under great stress and hardship. These letters seems to show, first, the wide-spread

disbelief in Fastolf's loyalty or courage among the English commons, second, that either Fastolf was as suspected by the Queen to be disloyal, or evinced his usual selfish prudence, (to call it by no worse name), in disbanding his old soldiers, and taking refuge in the Tower, so that, again in a time of danger, his course of action was such as to throw doubt upon his loyalty and courage. Letter 28th in the collection is one written by Fastolf from his magnificent residence at Caister, to John Paston, February 5th, 1455. It relates to a claim which Fastolf says he and Lord Willoughby had jointly against the Duke of Bedford's Estate for 8000, balance of 10,000 marks, due them for the capture of the Duc D'Alencon at the battle of Verneuil in 1424. This posthumous personal claim against the Duke of Bedford, who had been Fastolf's friend and defender so long, may have been well founded in law, but the letter shows the eager and continuous pursuit by Fastolf of personal emolument even in advanced age. Bedford had died in 1435. Fenn conjectures that Alençon's ransom had been paid into Bedford's hands, as Commander in Chief, and that this was Fastolf's agreed share in an equitable distribution, which Bedford had neglected to pay over. This is a possible (but not very probable) explanation of Fastolf's urging with such vehemence twenty years afterwards, this very stale claim against the estate of his benefactor. Letter 29 is a polite letter to Fastolf from the Archbishop of Canterbury, dated March 27th (perhaps of the same year). In this the Archbishop acknowledges the receipt of a letter from Fastolf, asking his aid in the recovery of his claim from the Bedford Estate, and, says quite generally, and without much enthusiasm, that the Archbishop will be glad to do anything in his power to help in the matter. If Sir John was a Lollard, as contended by Gairdner, his religious principles were not so strong as to induce him to forbear to seek the assistance of the enemies of his faith, if he thought they could help him to increase his wealth. On the other hand, the Archbishop's letter while showing indifference, indicates no hostility to Fastolf. Letters 41 and 42 relate to a college which Fastolf seems, in 1459, to have desired to found near Caister. It would appear from the letters, that the enormous fine demanded by the crown officials, for amortizing (settling in Mortmain) the sum required, deterred Fastolf from making the foundation.

This long sketch of so unattractive a personage as Fastolf may seem tedious, but I think it pertinent, since the character of Falstaff as we know it, seems to me to involve a curious blending of the characters of the two Historical Characters from which I think the fat knight derived his traits as well as his name. From Oldcastle his corpulent figure, his geniality, his

unfailing humor, his amazing vivacity and alertness of mind; probably also his occasional quarrelsomeness, since Mistress Quickly says, "He cares not what mischief he does, if his weapon be out; he will foin like any devil," and we remember Oldcastle's confession, to have "hurt many in his anger." To Oldcastle, too we may hold Falstaff indebted for his generous appetite for meat and drink, and disregard of fast-days, perhaps also for his ready and ingenious ways of dealing with bailiffs, and constables. On the other hand, the selfishness, greediness for gain, and petty meanness of Falstaff's character, like his suppose cowardice, find no prototype in Oldcastle, but abundant authority in the life and character of Fastolf. I say, supposed cowardice, because learned and acute critics have contended, that it is very doubtful if Falstaff was, in any proper sense, a coward. He was indeed prudent to a high degree, unless perhaps in his cups when the Oldcastle fury leaps out. He has no regard for honour, but the greatest for his own life and for pecuniary gain. Falstaff never evinces any moral or physical fear, but always gets out of the way of personal danger when possible. War and military adventure he seeks, but as a means of profit not of honour. From his acceptance of bribes, through his faithful Bardolph, for releasing hopeful recruits like Bull-calf; and his leading his ragged company to a position of importance, where he ingeniously leaves them; to his capture of Colville of the Dale from which he expects a great ransom, we find the same ready contrivance to put money in his purse, by any and every means, without exposing his own fat person to actual jeopardy. For honour itself he cares nothing, although his ready wit helps him to catch at it as a means to gain; but he never shows fear or panic or lets opportunity for gain or preferment pass him. (I am referring of course to the Falstaff of Henry IV, not to him of the Merry Wives, who perhaps may more fairly be charged with actual poltroonery). This seems actually the character imputed to and borrowed from Fastolf. Brave enough to gain anything bringing direct gain to himself, he has neither patriotism or loyalty to fight a losing fight, and will leave Talbot and the archers, to be cut to pieces rather than risk his precious skin. Years later, he will let Jack Cade and his ruffian mob sack Southwark and part of London, rather than incur danger to his own life or his possessions in Sussex by resistence. On the other hand, no delicacy, gratitude or shame will prevent his greedily pursuing the estate of his deceased protector and friend, John Duke of Bedford, for the alleged share of Alençon's ransom; and, even when anxious to make a gift of part of his vast wealth to a college on the eve of his death, he is deterred by the large fees for amortization. Are not

these two most inconsistent characters, of Oldcastle and Fastolf somehow strangely blended, and made living and real in Falstaff, by Shakespeare's wondrous alchymy, and is not this the reason all efforts to analyze his character have failed? Perhaps this may also account for Shakespeare's change of intention as to taking Falstaff to France in Henry V, as promised in the Epilogue to 2 Henry IV. There would have been nothing inconsistent with history in doing so, but it would have been necessary, in order to connect the story with that of I Henry VI, to have described Falstaff as successfully keeping up the factitious belief in his courage and warlike character, so as to account for the position he held in the military service, in that Play. This would have been very difficult as well as monotonous, because Shakespeare had already shown to us Henry V as fully acquainted with Falstaff's real character; so that it would have been almost impossible for the imposture of Falstaff's supposed valour and soldierly merit, to be kept up without King Henry's connivance, which could hardly have been extended to him after that Prince's reform. Possibly also, like so many writers, Shakespeare had developed a feeling of tenderness for Falstaff as he elaborated his character, coming to feel the lovable Oldcastle traits, more than the Fastolf hard selfishness, so that he hesitated to prolong the merry old fat knight down through Henry V's time, to merge in the historic Fastolf under the Duke of Bedford. There would have been also further difficulty in reconciling the conflicting relations of Falstaff with the Duke of Bedford, since the Duke had been distinctly hostile to the first or Oldcastle Falstaff in II Henry IV., while Fastolf was his friend and protege. What more natural therefore, that that poor old Jack Falstaff should be left to die of a heart fracted and corroborate, and the fun of the cowardly hearted bullying blusterer be developed through Ancient Pistol, who had been created only in 2nd Henry IV, and whom London audiences must have been longing to see again? As for Falstaff himself, whom those who laughed at and loved him could not bear to be parted from, Shakespeare wisely preferred to give him to us in a new and lighter settting, if not in Gloucestershire, yet in Windsor (not very far away) and with Justice Shallow still in the horizon, where neither Fastolf or Oldcastle shall be remembered, and everything minister to pure fun without malice or serious suffering!

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"MACBETH," III. ii. 16—

> "To halfe a soule and to a Notion crazed
> Say, thus did Banquo!"

Has anybody emended Notion to nation? It seems to me to give sense at once. The evident meaning being—"to everybody from the smallest creature in the community to the whole Nation." Banquo is a tyrant, etc., etc. Why otherwise should "Notion" be (in F. 1.) initialed with a capital letter. And what does the couplet mean as it stands? Liddell says "the notion of hearing false charges seems to be in Macbeth's mind." This is childish; what could be a simpler typographical error than an "o" for an "a"? Warburton may have been the first editor w ho "edited" Shakespeare without reading his context. But he evidently was not—and perhaps Mr. Liddell will not be—the last.

A. M.

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING," IV. i. 57-58.

> "Out on their seeming, I will write against it."

So the Quarto and Folio. The line has been punctuated in almost every imaginable way, except the following, which I believe to be correct, viz.

> "Out on thee! Seeming I will write against it."

Which I take to mean that "seeming" is the correct word to write against Hero's conduct as Claudio understands it. That is the very word to describe it.

ISAAC HULL PLATT.

"Tempest," I. ii. 265.

"For one thing she did
They would not take her life."

Can anybody guess what one good thing Sycorax could have ever done which would compensate "for mischiefs manifold and sorceries too terrible to enter human hearing?"

The passage seems to have had as vivid an effect upon Charles Lamb as the words "Childe Roland to the dark tower came" did upon Browning. And he (Charles Lamb) made up a narrative which he wrote in the necessary style, and quoted from an imaginary work. "Accurate Description of Africa by John Ogilby, London 1670, page 230," to account for Shakespeare's words above quoted. This "narrative" is too long to quote here but is to the effect that in some imaginary war, the city of Algiers was besieged by Charles the Fifth with an overwhelming fleet, and that, being helpless, the services of a witch "whom the history does not name" were invoked to raise a "tempest" which dispersed the fleet and saved the city. Lamb concludes his hoax thus: "Can it be doubted that the dramatist had come from reading some older narrative of this deliverance of Algiers by a witch * * * Ogilby wrote in 1670. But the authorities, to which he refers for his account of Barbary, are Johannes de Leo or Africanus, Louis Marmol, Diego de Torreo, Johannes Gramaye, Braeves, Col. Curio Diego de Haedo, names totally unknown to me, and to which I beg leave to refer the curious reader for his fuller satisfaction.

"It will be interesting to your readers thus to find that at least one student of Shakespeare used his ingenuity to comment upon this passage of impossible interpretation, and that that one person was so immortal a figure in literature as Charles Lamb."

Charles Filley

"Macbeth," III. i. 57-72.

He chid the sisters
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a barren scepter in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,

No son of mine succeeding. If't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
Put Rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seeds of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come fate into the list,
And champion me to the utterance!

Liddell: "Champion me to th' utterance: the phraseology of this passage and the use of 'me' after 'champion' make it scarcely possible that the modern construction 'fight against me to the uttermost' was the one which an Elizabethan audience would put upon Shakespeare's words. "Champion" used as a verb is not elsewhere found in Elizabethan English, see New Eng. Dict.; but there can be little doubt that Macbeth means that Fate is to be his champion to maintain his royal title against all comers, and not Banquo's champion. * * * * * * Fate in Elizabethan English is used of death, destruction, ruin, cp. note to II.3.127: Fleance 'must embrace the fate of that darke houre' in v.137, Macbeth will 'take a bond of (i. e. from) fate' by killing Macduff in IV.1.84. Here death and ruin are to be Macbeth's champions and maintain his claim to the crown e'en till destruction sicken.' The words are not a challenge to destiny: Macbeth is not ready for that until the end of the play, cp. V.8.30fl.; when he can challenge destiny he redeems himself, and his long tragedy is over. This soliloquy of Macbeth * * * * becomes hopelessly confused when we try to wrest its phraseology into modern English, and clearly illustrates the folly of ignoring the fact that Shakespeare's English is quite different from modern idiom."

Liddell states, I. iii. 32: "The word 'weird' is a 16th century northern English form of Middle English 'werd,' meaning 'fate,' 'destiny.'"

In trying to overthrow the accepted explanation of "champion me" Liddell evidently overlooks the fact that Fate, in the prophesy of the weird sisters, is on the side of Banquo's descendants as successors to the throne. Macbeth, in opposing this succession, is opposing Fate, and can therefore hardly expect that Fate will take his side as champion in such a contest. It is Fate, the champion of the seeds of Banquo, whom Macbeth proposes to fight to the death. This is one of the simple meanings in Shakespeare which lie near the surface and require no learned elucidation.

The fact of nonce-usage in the case of "champion," a noun employed

as an active verb, seems to offer some difficulty, particularly in conjunction with "me." But the plays offer illustrations for our guidance. In "Measure for Measure," IV. iv. 28, we find "How she might tongue me!" No one suspects that this means "How might she defend me in a wordy contest!" The noun "tongue," used as an active verb with "me," would not cause anyone to look unfavorably upon the explanation "How might she talk against me!" analogous to "fight against me to the uttermost." Liddell admits that "champion" used as a verb—and therefore "champions me" in the sense he suggests—is not elsewhere found in Elizabethan English; but the moderns do use "champion" as a verb with an object such as "me" (act as my champion), which is the very idea that Liddell tries to import into Elizabethian English. In other words, he says that Elizabethians would not have understood Shakespeare's new verb "champion" in the the sense which the context plainly indicated, but that they would have anticipated the modern incongruous meaning. Is it not plain that this "clearly illustrates the folly of ignoring the fact that Shakespeare's English is quite different from modern idiom?"

E. M. D.

The following revised notes may prove of interest as indicating necessary conservatism in interpretation and emendation:—

"Winter's Tale," I. ii. 157-8.

and so prove,
As ornaments oft do's, too dangerous.

The difficulty in "ornaments oft do's" of the folio has been explained by supposing an *s* to have been interpolated after "ornament" or after "do." Also, see Abbott, par. 335, where many instances are given of third person plural in *s*.

May we not, however, understand "do's" as being a contraction of *do us* —"and so prove, as ornaments oft do (prove to) us, too dangerous?" The "us" includes the king among those to whom "ornaments" (an allusion to the queen) oft prove too dangerous.

The language in 'The Winter's Tale' is very elliptical. The thought is fairly packed into these wonderful lines, and the contraction in question is quite characteristic. The scene is one in which we may expect to find just such a cruel fling at the noble queen. I believe that the full meaning of the

passage has heretofore been overlooked. The king is in no mood to indulge in playful reminiscence without a deep purpose; and, looking for this purpose, the innuendo becomes doubly apparent.

E. M. D.

"The Winter's Tale," III. ii. 95—

> The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
> I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
> But know not how it went. My second joy
> And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
> I am barr'd, like one infectious. My third comfort,
> Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
> The most innocent milk in it most innocent mouth,
> Haled out to murder: myself on every post
> Proclaimed a strumpet: with immodest hatred
> The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
> To women of all fashion; lastly, hurried
> Here to this place, i' the open air, before
> I have my strength of limit.

Bucknill suggests the reading "hastily," in the place of "lastly," holding that it is "evident that the denial of childbed privilege is one and the same offence against decency and humanity as the poor woman's exposure in open court while still suffering from parturient debility."

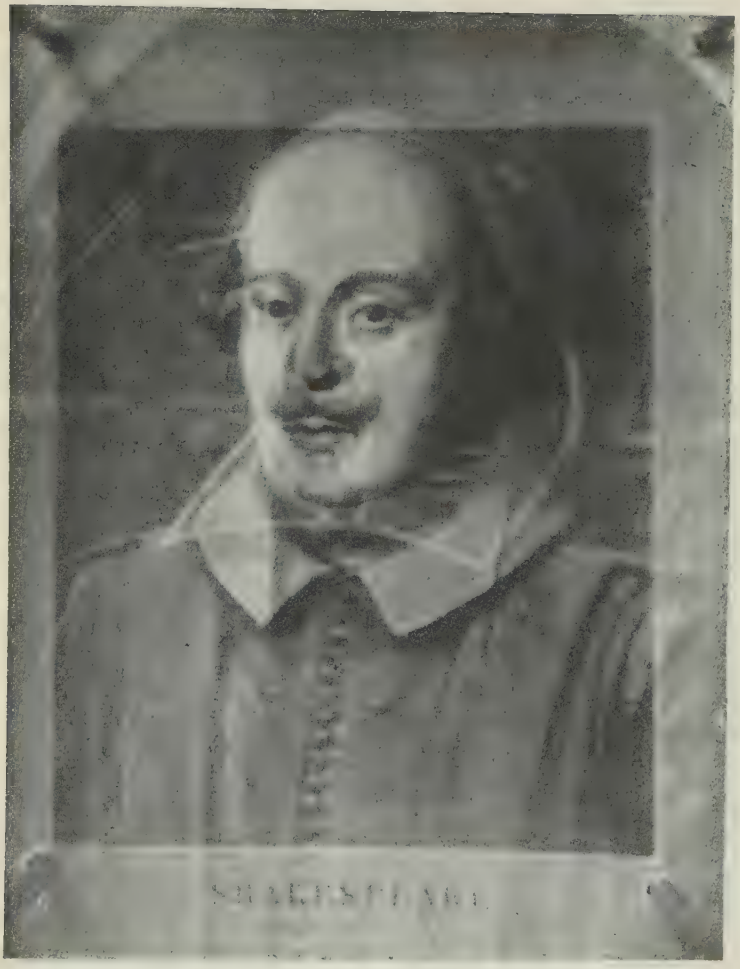
It is clear to me that "lastly" of the text indicates that these are separate counts, were anything beyond the situation needed to guide us to a right interpretation. That the immodest hatred of the husband should have caused him to withhold the usual marks of honour and sustaining love during such a period of weakness—the tender kiss and pressure of the hand, if no more—was ample cause for the plea of "child-bed privilege denied."

As always, the poet has chosen the most felicitous phrase to express his meaning. "Immodest hatred" exactly denotes the false shame and loathing which kept the king away from his wife's bedside, when parental pride and a husband's loyal affection should have drawn him to her presence. There is no more touching situation among all the precious experiences of life than the one aptly called in its personal phase "the child-bed privilege," none more dear to the heart of woman who pays her debt of love with pain. Can we suppose that Shakespeare's most noble queenly woman could omit from her

catalogue of suffering a mention of the slight which was an offence against all woman-kind? We cannot afford to make a change in the text that would rob us of this thought.

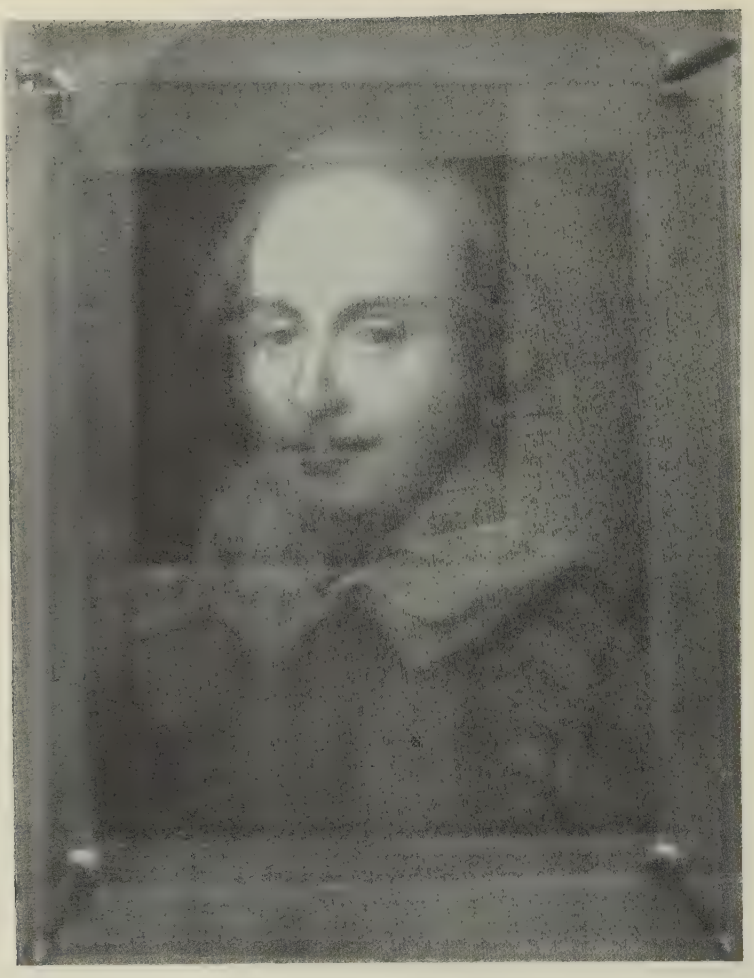
In further reference to the supposed misprint of "Friar Laurence" for "Friar Patrick" ('The Two Gentlemen of Verona,' V. ii. 36) discussed in the July number of New Shakespeareana, Dr. I. H. Platt makes the following comment in 'Notes and Queries' of June 3rd:

"In my communication I expressed the suspicion, which Mr. Dey's comment tends to confirm, of the non-identity of Friaar Patrick and Friar Laurence. This, however, does not materially affect my point. Friar Laurence still suggests an association with 'Romeo and Juliet,' as does the confusion of Verona with Milan in Act V. sc. iv, lines 128-9, and as the mistake of calling Milan 'Padua' in Act I, sc. ii, suggests an association with 'The Taming of the Shrew,' all tending to show that these three plays were in the poet's mind at about the same time, though not so strongly, I admit, as they would be if the name Lawrence were proved to be another blunder."



COMPOSITE PORTRAIT
OF THE FELTON PORTRAIT AND THE STRATFORD BUST

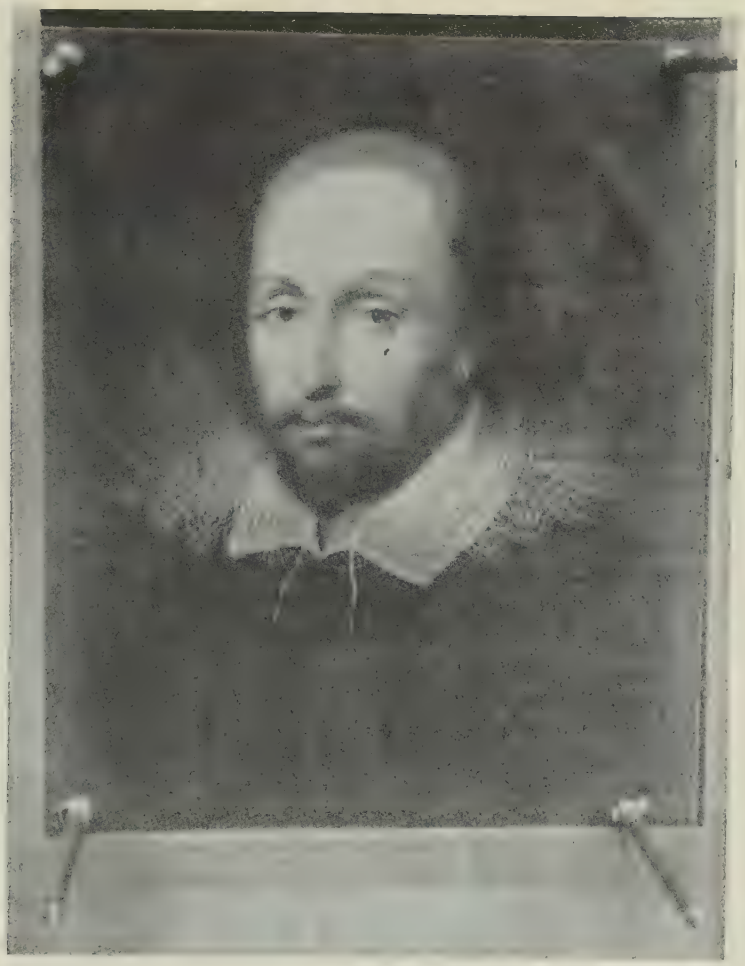
BY COURTESY OF THE CRITIC



COMPOSITE PORTRAIT

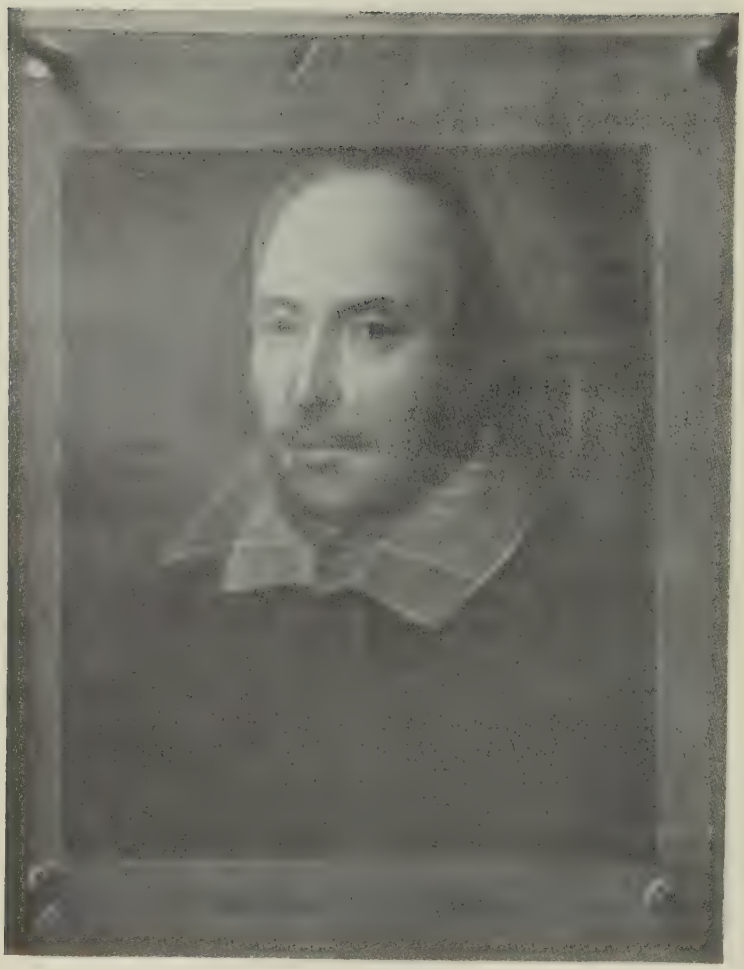
CHANDOS DROESHOUT, JANSEN, STRATFORD, FELTON, STRATFORD BUST

BY COURTESY OF THE CRITIC



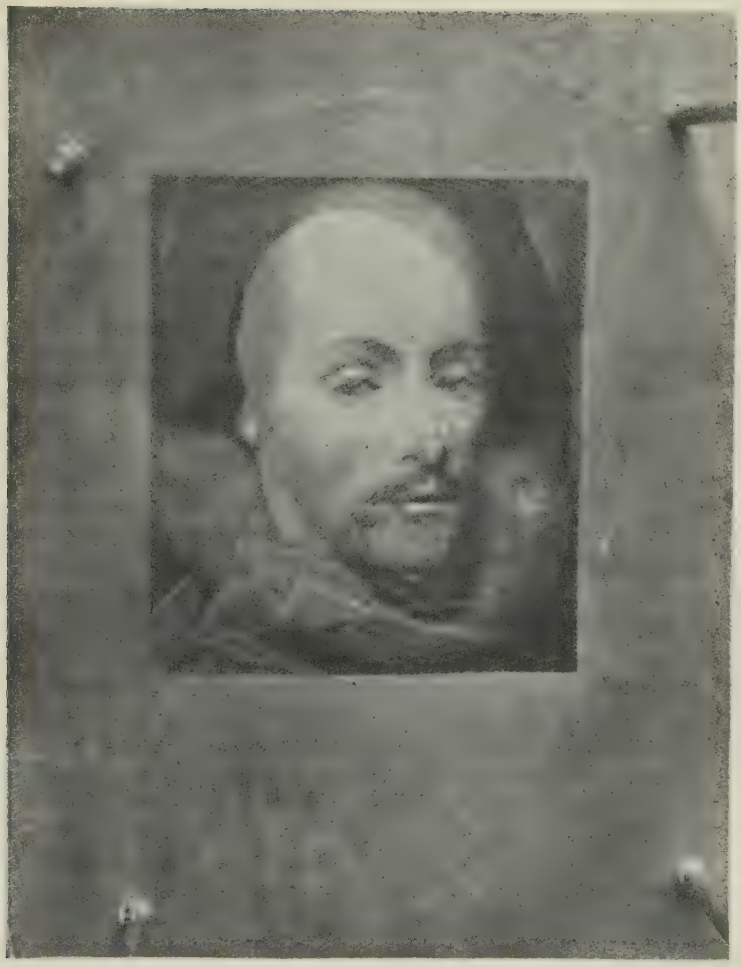
COMPOSITE PORTRAIT
OF THE CHANDOS AND THE JANSEN PORTRAITS

BY COURTESY OF THE CRITIC



COMPOSITE PORTRAIT
OF THE CHANDOS AND THE DROESHOUT PORTRAITS

BY COURTESY OF THE CRITIC



COMPOSITE PORTRAIT
MARSHALLS, DROESHOUT, ASHBOURNE, DEATH MASK.

BY COURTESY OF THE CRITIC

MARGINALIA

IN THIS AND FOLLOWING ISSUES WE ARE PRESENTING SUCH GRAPHIC STUDIES in the Shakespearean Iconography, as will—we are sure—establish the fact that there is a real and entirely reliable conception of how Shakespeare looked in his mortal days. Of course the only two portraitures which by any historical warrant can be called "contemporary," are the Stratford mortuary Bust and the Droeshout portrait, the former having been made, either from a death-mask or otherwise, in the very near vicinity of his obsequies, when those who knew him best and buried him, were at hand, and the other (waiving all controversy) dating from a time when those who had known Shakespeare could and did vouch for it as a satisfactory presentment. We are indebted to Mr. Walter Rogers Furness for composites made of these two likenesses with the next oldest portraits so called (viz: the Chandos, the Jansen, the Felton, the Marshall and the Ashbourne). Possibly the last four portraits above named may also be called in some sense "original," since their dates do not preclude the assistance or corroboration of some one who either had seen, or heard some one who had seen describe, Shakespeare's features, and so approximated to likenesses. It is of course matter of regret that Mr. Furness did not include the Devonshire (sometimes called the D'Avenant) Bust, which we sort of believe in ourselves. But we can't be too grateful for what Mr. Furness has done. In speaking of his work Mr. Furness says: "I selected nine portraits supposed to have the best authenticated pedigrees, including the Stratford bust and the death mask. In six of these the face is turned to the left of the spectator, at nearly the same angle; in the remaining three it is turned in an opposite direction. The first step was to reduce these portraits, by photography, to the same size. That size was determined by the distance, in exact measurement, between the eyes and the mouth. The photographs thus obtained were attached to a board with the eyes and mouths superposed as accurately as possible by adjustment in a frame across which were stretched two intersecting fine silk threads, one passing horizontally through the line of the eyes, the other vertically through the centre of the forehead and the middle of the upper lip. Upon exposing each portrait of the first group to the sensitized plate for the same number of seconds, namely three, I found that the more marked outline of

the Stratford bust unduly predominated, not so much from the character of the features themselves, as from the fact that the photograph was a reproduction of a statue; and conversely the Chandos portrait, dim and dark, failed to express itself in the composite. I was therefore obliged to apportion the exposure to the sensitized plate, allotting four seconds to the Chandos portrait, two seconds to the Stratford bust, and three seconds to each of the other four portraits. For the like cause, in the second group it was found, on trial, that one and one-half seconds had to be given to the death mask, and seven seconds to each of the other portraits. Merely by way of experiment, three minor composites were made by combining in pairs those portraits which seemed to bear to each other the closest resemblance, viz., the Chandos and the Jansen; the Chandos and the Droeshout; the Felton portrait and the Stratford bust."

In our next issue we shall present a remarkable attack (as it apparantly may be considered) on the value of the Stratford Bust as a likeness of Shakespeare, for which we are indebted to the vigilance of Mrs. Stopes. And we shall accompany it, as a sort of concordance, with several recent efforts of foreign artists—two German and two French—to idealize the great Dramatist. (And these we think our readers will agree, show—if they show nothing else—that, no matter how faithfully he may work, the hand of the artist like the dyer's is subdued to what it works in so that a German artist's Shakespeare will always be a German. A French artist's a Frenchman and so on). We shall also gather other portraitures together, our object being to ask our readers to judge for themselves whether the earlier or the modern artists have approached the Art for which Ben Jonson longed "to draw Shakespeare's Wit as well in brasse as he hath hit his face." If any of our kindly correspondents and corroborators (and we hope they will all confirm themselves collaborators as well) will find us any other portraits or statues made to represent Shakespeare, we shall be happy to reproduce them in these pages. The letterpress descriptives of the two famous French statues, will be furnished us by Mons. Fernand Henry, the eloquent Translator of the Sonnets, for which important translation he was created a Member of the Institute of France, "the Forty Immortals."

Shakespearean, as well as any other kind of history, is apt to repeat itself. It was in the year 1868 that poor old Peter Cunningham, (who, twenty-five years before had been one of the illustrious number of gentlemen who formed the First Shakespeare Society), then a broken and helpless old man, offered to the British Museum for sale a manuscript volume —which contained, he said, "records of great value concerning Early Eng-

lish Drama," which, on examination, proved to be already the property of the museum—or of the British public. (We pass for this purpse the fact that the interleaved forgeries in that volume had previously been foisted upon the Shakespeare Society by this very Peter Cunningham). And now almost exactly the same experience has befallen the Bodleian Library.

Now for the repetition. In January, 1905, a young gentleman named Turbutt, an undergraduate of Magdalen College, Oxford, carried to the Librarian of the Bodleian Library in that city, for examination and advice as to its treatment, an unusually tall but much repaired copy of the First Folio which had been in the possession of his family, (the Turbutts of Ogston Hall, Darbyshire), for an unknown period, and of the acquisition of which they possessed no record whatever. It will be recalled as History that, when Sir Thomas Bodley founded this famous Library, he was influential enough to fill his shelves at a comparatively small expense for those days by entering into an agreement with the London Stationers' Company by which his library should receive a copy of every book registered at Stationers Hall. An arrangement desirable for publishers and authors because it insured copies of their books being carefully preserved in a safe place where they could be utilized for reprinting if necessary.

The works sent by the printers under this agreement, it seems, were to be sent in sheets, to be of course, to be bound at the expense of the Library. Now this Turbutt Folio was bound in brown leather, so damaged by age that the librarian's first examination was given to the binding. And the full story revealed by this examination deserves to be recorded as one of the most remarkable identifications in bibliographial history. In brief, this Turbutt First Folio is the identical copy of the First Folio which was sent to the Bodleian on publication, under the agreement made between Sir Thomas Bodley and the London Stationers' Company in 1610-11. Having reached the Bodleian Library in sheets, probably towards the end of 1623, and to have been sent, as the Library binding-lists show, on February 17, 162¾, to William Wildgoose, an Oxford binder, to be bound. With it went Bishop William Cowper's Works, "A Guide to Godliness" by John Downame, Francis Sanchez "In Ecclesiastem Commentarium" and so forth. William Wildgoose bound them, using smooth brown calf for the Shakespeare, rough calf for the rest, and slightly tooling them "in blind" with single hatchings at head and tail. For his end-papers he took some leaves of the "De Officiis" and the "Cato Major" printed by Pafraet at Deventer in the fifteenth century, and it was found that the black letter print used for lining the covers followed on from Cowper's sermons to this folio of Shakespeare's works,

both of which were sent to the binder on the same day. The Folio after binding was chained in "the Arts End" of the Library as Literature. For the Shakespeare Quartos, of course, it appears under Sir Thomas Bodley's Will which provided that no "almanacks, plays or trivial books" should be preserved, were inadmissible. Thus Shakespeare, barred as "Plays," became accessible to Oxford students as Literature. That it was popular, is patent from the soiled and worn condition of the pages. If the most worn pages can be taken to reveal which were the most read plays, then Romeo and Juliet which is the most dog's eared was the most perused, the page opposite the balcony scene being worn quite through with use. Then comes Julius Cæsar (it was the time of the Civil War in England); then the Tempest and Cymbeline; but these last two probably owe some of their wear and tear to their position—first and last—in the volume. Generally speaking, the Tragedies were most read, and the Histories least: King John and King Richard II., seem to have been almost entirely neglected. The Second Folio (1623), being only a reprint, was not sent to the Bodleian, but in 1663-1664 came the Third Folio with its seven additional plays. Space was limited in the Bodleian; bibliography was not yet a science, and no one could guess the future value of a First Folio. The Bodleian sold its First Folio, in all probability to Richard Davis, an Oxford bookseller, between September, 1663, and September, 1664. They tore the chains off it somewhat clumsily, and the binding still shows where the clips had been pulled out. All trace of the volume is then lost for sixty years. It probably found its way to London, and appears next, early in the eighteenth century, in the library of Richard Turbutt, of Ogston Hall, Derbyshire, a gentleman with a taste for letters and especially for the drama, who bought many books of F. Cogan, Middle Temple Gate, near Fleet Street, and possibly himself appeared on the stage with Garrick. The book, writes Mr. G. M. R. Turbutt, must have been damaged when he acquired it, for he mended it carefully with strong paper, which of course only made matters worse. From him the volume descended in a direct line to its present owner. The volume lacks the fly-leaf (bearing the Jonson verses on the Droeshout engraving). The title-page has been cut round and mounted; the portrait, with the letterpress above it, is in good condition, but all below the portrait has been cut away. In the text, as in the Chatsworth Folio, all the more important mistakes discovered while the volume was in the press have been corrected, and one famous mistake in the Chatsworth Folio has also been removed. The volume measures 13½ x 8⅝ inches; the largest known prior measurements of a First Folio being 13½ x 8¾ inches.

When a book has been safely housed in a private library and in its original binding for nearly two hundred years, it has escaped one of the greatest dangers to which old and famous books have been liable. It was a common practice—is a common practice still—for booksellers to "repair" old books by rebinding them, and in the process inserting sound leaves from later editions in place of the original damaged ones. Mr. Richard Turbutt's well-meaning mendings with strong paper did a certain amount of damage to his Folio, but a bookseller might have done far more, and in the Turbutt Shakespeare it may be taken for granted that every leaf is genuine. It is significant, too, that it was by means of the binding that the library authorities were able to identify this Folio as the actual copy originally sent to the Bodleian. Thirty years before one of its successive owners had, it is remembered, taken this very Folio to a library and was advised to have it rebound. Had the advice been taken, there would have been no identifying it; and bibliophiles would have lost—if nothing else—one of the most striking known romances of bibliography. They would have lost, too, this most satisfactory evidence of the relative popularity of the plays which is afforded by the thumbing of the leaves by Oxford readers of the seventeenth century.

Apropos of a bit of evidence which cried on a slant away from the hated Baconian Theory, Dr. Furness once exclaimed: "In these latter days, when ignorance tampers with Shakespeare's venerable name, we are actually come to welcome proofs of his inaccuracy, and that he was not the wisest of mankind!" This is far better than Dr. Baynes's plan of dealing with every startling item in the Plays, proving its writer's familiarity with remote classicism or abstraction of science, by stating that that particular classic or Scientific was part of the Curriculum of Stratford Grammar School, a plan which placed said Grammar School rather in advance of nineteenth century Oxford or Harvard. Here is an item which would have lead Dr. Baynes to add Seneca's De Clementia to the Stratford text book List, as well as Horn-Book and Birchenrod.

Professor E. A. Sonnenschein writes to the University Review that Portia's speech in the Merchant of Venice beginning: "The quality of mercy is not strained," is a beautiful rendering of the leading ideas of the treaties "On Mercy," the De Clementia of Seneca, in which he addresses an eloquent appeal to the youthful emperor Nero to exercise his despotic powers in a spirit worthy of his position. For example:

SENECA.	SHAKESPEARE.
Nullum clementia ex omnibus magis quam regem aut principem decet (I. 3. 3).	It becomes The thronèd monarch better than his crown.
Eo scilicet formosius id esse magnificentiusque fatebimur quo in majore praestaubitur potestate (I. 19 1).	'Tis mightiest in the mightiest.
Quod si di placabiles et aequi delicta potentium non statim fulminibus persequuntur, quanto aequius est hominem hominibus praepositum miti animo exercere imperium? (I. 7. 2).	But mercy is above this sceptred sway; It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings; It is an attribute to God himself.
Cogitato . . . quanta solitudo et vastitas futura sit si nihil relinquetur nisi quod judex severus absolverit (I 6. 1).	Consider this, That in the course of justice none of us Should see salvation.

"In this last passage," says Professor Sonnenschein, "even the form of the sentence is similar; in the English, as in the Latin, we have an imperative mood with a dependent clause." Now, since there were only a few French and German translations of Seneca in Shakespeare's day, (no English ones until the year 1620, four years after Shakespeare's death) it is surely, far more likely, according to Professor Sonnenschein, that the Dramatist read Latin, which was taught in Stratford Grammar School, than that he read French and German, which were not.

VERILY THERE BE ONLY MEN ENTIRELY GREAT THAT ARE BORN IN WARwickshire! Like Jeames Yellowplush, they have souls above Buttons! We lately chronicled how Stratford on Avon Aldermen had demolished Shakespeare's Henley Street in order to save the price of coals in heating their Carnegie Library. And, anon, how they awarded poor Miss Corelli, who earnestly and honestly tried to preserve a fragment of Shakespearean things to future Stratfordians, and got nothing but abuse and slander for her pains—one farthing damages. And now comes the High and Mighty Warwickshire Quarto Sessions and refuses to exempt from taxation whatever few vestiges of Shakespeare the Stratford people have left on the ground; because they—the vestiges aforesaid—are not "Literary" (that is, we sup-

pose that, unlike Hugh Oatcake and George Seacoal, they—the vestiges aforesaid, cannot read and write) and therefore their preservation is not "A Literary Object." This aforetime unusupected fact was drawn out by the following cross-examination: To every one of the following questions the answer being "No." "Do you think that any appreciable proportion of these 30,000 visitors are stimulated to expend a shilling for a copy of Shakespeare's works instead of spending it at the public house?" "Is there any evidence that Shakespeare played shovel-board at the Falcon?" "Should I be far wrong in calling it [the birthplace] a show place, an interesting one, no doubt, but you do not expect any one to get instruction or literary knowledge there?" "Do you think any one visiting the orchard would be inspired to attempt flights equal to Shakespeare?" After all, there is a bit of whitewash due even to the memory of Rev. Francis Gastrell in that what he actually pulled down was the New Place Sir John Clopton built for his daughter-in-law in 1702, rather that the one purchased and repaired by Shakespeare in 1597, the foundations of which are actually exposed to us by Gastrell's act; and he was not a Warwickshire man anyhow. But what is to be said of the Warwickshiremen of today?

To the April number of the "Deutsche Rundschau" Dr. Brandl, President of the German Shakespeare Society, contributes an article on the Playing of Shakespeare's Plays. Dr. Brandl thinks the long pauses between many of the acts and scenes spoil the illusion, especially in the tragedies of "King Lear" and "Hamlet," and in the King-Dramas, where the numerous pauses tend to break up the pieces into a series of tableaux. If "Hamlet" could be presented in two hours, how different would be the effect! Accordingly an experiment is to be made at Weimar, when "Richard II." will be played with practically no intervals between the scenes. Weimar does not possess a revolving stage, but to get over the difficulty a middle curtain is to be used. Played in this way the most important scenes will come more into the light, and the minor ones can take their proper place. Dr. Brandl takes each act in turn and shows how the curtain will be used between the scenes to avoid the usual pauses, while the attention of the spectator will be better concentrated on the leading action, and the scenes merely intended to arouse sympathy will fall more into the shade.

On July 12th, 1905, at Sotheby's, London, an uncut copy of the fourth quarto edition of Shakespeare's Tragedie of King Richard the Third of 1605, lacking the title page and signature A4, was sold for £1,750 ($8,750) to A. Jackson, and it is understood that it is to come, if it has not already come, to the United States. The imprint reads: Printed at London

by Thomas Creede, and are to be sold by Matthewe Lawe, "dwelling in Paules Church Yard at the signe of the Fox, near S. Austins Gate." 1605. It consists of forty-six leaves. It is believed that only two other copies of this edition exist. One is in the British Museum and the other was sold by Mr. Lilly to Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps, and is now in the Bodleian Library at Oxford.

And the next week on July 29th (for the same lucky owner, probably), there was another sale at the same establishment which doubtless will always be of historic interest, as it included five early Shakespeare quartos, all the property of a Mr. George Carrington, who had possessed them many years, not realizing what they were. "A Merchant of Venice," edition of 1652, uncut, brought $1,000; "Richard the Second," 1605, lacking the title page and signature A4, $8,750; First "Henry the Fourth," 1608, $5,000; second part of the same, 1605, containing in five places William Penn's autograph, (supposed to be the father of William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania) $2,500; "King Lear," 1608; the Second Quarto, bearing a signature of George Steevens (but not the copy which brought two guineas at his sale) $4,500.00.

Shakespeare in the Daily Newspapers and Elsewhere. Of course we don't know the name of the young man who writes the Literary Notes for our esteemed contemporary "The New York Daily Tribune." But he is evidently one of those for whom our prayers are offered on Holy Innocent's Day. Here is one of his efforts: "A correspondent of 'Notes and Queries' is rather tart in his response to a question from America concerning the quatrain on Shakespeare's tombstone. He suggests that if the questioner is a Shakespearian student 'he should know that the monument was erected within the seven years preceding Shakespeare's death, and that a prevailing tradition is that the bust was copied from a cast after nature.' There can be no question as to the slab with the 'doggerel' lines covering the actual burial place of the 'immortal bard.' 'Within this monument' must, of course, not be taken literally. . . . In 1748 this monument was repaired by a company of strolling players, who raised money for that purpose by performing in Stratford the play of 'Othello.' In this repair the colors originally bestowed on the effigies were carefully restored by a limner residing in the town; but in 1793 the bust and figures above it were painted white at the request of Malone. The inscription on the monument bears date and concludes as follows: 'Obiit Ano. Do. 1616. Ætatis 53. Die 23. Ap.'"

Opulent as this paragraph is in hitherto unsuspected facts, its highest

value to posterity will lie in what it reveals as to the state of Polite Learning on this American continent in the twentieth century of Christ; where Libraries are unknown, encyclopaedias unheard of, and school-books yet to be; and where American gentlemen are obliged to write three thousand miles away to a London weekly for any little item they want to know about? (Or, why shouldn't he have written to the Tribune—published on said continent—direct)? And isn't it the least bit injudicious in our friend The Tribune to expose so rare and tender a birdling as its Literary Note clipper to the temptations of a metropolitan newspaper office? Even if seen carefully there and back daily—as we hope he is—by some discreet and elderly female relative, might he not get the points of the office shears into his dear little eyes, or get himself scratched by the office cat? May we venture to call our contemporary's attention to these matters?

Far more sagacious is this from another metropolitan contemporary, "The New York Time's Saturday Review": "In the address of the Trustees of Shakespeare's birthplace to the Royal Academy of Spain, touching the Madrid celebration of the tercentenary of 'Don Quixote,' the most striking passage is the statement that 'there is good reason to believe' Shakespeare himself read 'Don Quixote.' What good reason? every one who reads this statement must ask. The Spaniards, in replying, avoid all such preludes of controversy. 'Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra,' they exclaim, 'and William Shakespeare are two supreme geniuses who symbolize in the loftiest degree the power and splendor of the literatures of the nations of which they were the glorious ornaments,' That is all eloquent, appropriate and perfectly safe!" Cannot "the Trustees of Shakespeare's Birthplace" find something to kill time in protecting whatever is left of Shakespeare in Stratford from Stratford Aldermen and that Warwickshire Quarter Sessions?

From the limbo of the Nugae Inutilles and the Land of No Account comes, we suppose, a Monthly duodecomo of the monological sort, clept The Papyrus. In its effort to be "different" it sometimes steps so near to the line of the impolite as to fain apologize for itself with the maxim "To the Pure all things are Pure" (a maxim, however, which might not be considered as final by the Police or the Postmaster General). Of course malgre any question of taste there is a certain sort of bravado in this. But it requires no sort of courage or even of bravado to say this: "Shakespeare is the great English fetich to the mass of people, a monument as respectable, as meaningless and as ossified as Stonehenge. Deny it, diminish it, explain it how we may, there is no longer a spontaneous, natural demand

for his plays on the stage, and the revivals we see from time to time are merely a compliment to outworn tradition. Worse even than this, he is not being read, save by the professed student, and the statistics on this subject are not to be relied upon—all the English-speaking world is in collusion to hide the truth, all the universities and colleges keep up the grave mummery that deceives only the simple-minded. The terrible but wholesome fact is, that Shakespeare is fast becoming hopelessly antiquated like his contemporaries, Ben Jonson, Greene, Beaumont and Fletcher and the rest of the Elizabethans. The world has grown tired of revolving around Bill. It is preparing to try its own axis for a while." Of course it might be pleaded that this is written in and for Bumbledom or other parish where our Egyptian friend circulates. But on the remainder of the Planet it appears to happen that Shakespeares' Plays are today, and have always been, since the Restoration, oftener mounted in Theatres than those of any ten (any ten you like to mention) modern playwrights. Moreover, the daily newspaper, magazine, book, after-dinner speech or what you will, that does not allude to or quote from Shakespeare would be a curiosity. We are sadly afraid that "The Papyrus" is not on sufficiently familiar terms with the great Dramatist's record to allude to him as "Bill"—and its idea that proprietors of theatres are in the habit of spending thousand of dollars to "complement outworn tradition" is very funny indeed!

Besides, as it happens, here is at hand an instance of how out of touch the "Papyrus" person is with affairs outside his own community, when he says that the world has grown tired of Shakespeare! Our pictorial contemporary "The Theatre" has lately printed in three successive monthly issues, a discussion as to whether Macbeth murdered Duncan in Glamis or in Cawdor castle, apropos of the fact that we lately presented our readers with several pictures of Cawdor castle as the scene, called for by the text, of that murder, while "The Theatre" printed a picture of Glamis Castle as the scene of it. The confusion of course, arises from the fact that Shakespeare's Macbeth is not an historical play, but a Tragedy, and that it contained no stage directions as to place (these being supplied by Rowe in 1709). Except in the use of the Scottish names and the fact that Macbeth did murder Duncan, there is no verisimilitude with history attempted by Shakespeare. Duncan was the most despicable tyrant and the most ferocious libertine that ever sat on the Scottish throne. Macbeth, on the other hand, was loved and a just ruler who lost his own life, it appears, in an attempt to force his powerful subjects, the Thanes, to conform to the same rules of equity and justice as were enforced upon the common people. The truth, as far as ascer-

tained, is that Duncan, among his other crimes, had seized upon the possessions of the Thane of Gruach, and carried away his wife the Lady Gruach. The lady fled to Macbeth, (who was a son of Duncan's sister and by Thanic law, or "Thanistry," heir to Duncan's crown), for protection, Macbeth murdered Duncan—whose murder by somebody was inevitable—not in any castle, but at the Smithy of Bothgourarne, near Elgin. Whatever the quality of the act, it violated no law of hospitality. Macbeth became king and his reign was benign and marked by a prosperity such as old Scotland had never enjoyed before. "All hys tyme was gret plenté | Abowdand bath in land and se, | He wes in justice rycht lawchfull, | And till hys legis all awful." As to the episode of Birnam wood coming to Dunsinane—the nearest approach to a source for it is the story that King Macbeth, watching the building of one of his seats saw a yoke of oxen, which was attempting to move a heavy load of timbers, being abused. On enquiring by what authority the oxen were tortured—he was told that it was by order of Macduff, the Thane of Fife. Macbeth was angry and declared that he would "put the neck of the Thane of Fife into the yoke that the oxen wore." News of the threat was carried to Macduff, who knowing the King to be a man of his word, fled. At Macduff's castle of Kennachy, on the southern coast of Fife, the Thane's wife kept the pursuing king in treaty till she saw her husband's boat beyond reach on the firth. Local tradition declares that this circumstance gave rise to the rule of the Earlsferry, that no pursuer should be allowed to leave the shore till a fugitive was half-way across. By this stratagem Macduff escaped, but, far from practising the cruelty described by Shakespeare, Macbeth took no revenge upon his wife or child. Macduff fled to the English court, where he set about inciting the sons of Duncan to attempt the overthrow of their cousin the Scottish king. The two eldest refused, possibly in view the fact that the throne of Scotland must fall to them by natural course of inheritance in any event. But the third, Malcolm, being a natural son, had no such prospect, and he grasped the opportunity. Blessed by Edward the Confessor, and suported by Siward, Lord of Northumberland, he invaded Scotland, reached Birnam, and vanquished Macbeth at Dunsinane. But Macbeth was not slain in the storming of his stronghold on Dunsinane, and when he did fall, Macduff was not his slayer. The two may have met during the conflct, (a stone still standing in the park of Belmont Castle is named Belliduff, and declared by tradition to mark the spot of their encounter). If Shakespeare accompanied his future colleague, Laurence Fletcher, on either of his theatrical tours in Scotland, in 1599 and 1601, he may have passed close by Dunsinane, and so had an opportunity to learn one tradition that it was here

that Macbeth was slain. As a matter of fact however, Macbeth escaped from Dunsinane, and retreated northwards to Deeside. Wyntoun tells how "Owre the Mounth thai chased hym than | Intil the forest of Lumphanan." The last scene of his life, more than any other, shows the heroic character of Macbeth. Close by the roadside at Lumphanan may still be seen a low ruin, with wide, bush-grown moat, the spot where, during the Wars of Independence, the ancestor of the Melvilles gave his submission to Edward I. This is called the Peel Ring of Lumphanan, and here it was that Macbeth made his final stand. Macbeth, met his end like the king he was. Putting on his armour and mounting his horse, he bade them throw open the gate, and rode boldly forth to his death. A boulder a couple of hundred yards away, known as Macbeth's stone, marks the spot where he received his fatal wound; but his charge galloped away among the hills with the bleeding monarch, and no man saw him die. A mile distant, on the side of the Perk Hill, they found him dead, and his funeral cairn is to be seen there today. Some hundred years ago the cairn was explored, and there was found beneath it a stone cist. Within lay some handfuls of brown mould, a few feather quills, and some fragments of rusted iron—all that was left of the great Macbeth. There are a many "blasted heaths" in Scotland which Shakespeare might have described, and as for the witches, the old Chronicler, William of Wyntoun, whom we have been following, knows nought of them. He does, however, state that Macbeth once dreamt that by means of a murder he would become king. "The mwrthrysyde hys awne eme | Be hope that he had in a dreme | That he saw quhen he was yhyng | In hows duelland wyth the king." The further afield one goes, the more he discovers that Shakespeare had very little use for what we have got into the habit of calling his "Sources;" except to explore them for Dramatic situation; and that he worried about the "unities" marvellously little, or not at all!

The July, 1905, issue of "Baconiana," the well-known British Quarterly devoted to the problems underlying Sixteenth and Seventeenth Century Literatures, and to the study of the English Renaissance, contains a generous appreciation of Dr. Morgan from the distinguished pen of Dr. Robert M. Theobald apropos of his completion of his twenty year's presidency of The New York Shakespeare Society. We subjoin a few extracts: "As President of The New York Shakespeare Society, Appleton Morgan might be supposed to belong to the Shakesperean Camp. But he expressly in his after-dinner speech claimed entire liberty of thought for all members of the Society, and that Baconian belief is no obstacle to membership (or to the Presidency, I may add)—I do not remember to have ever met with a more

extraordinary specimen of paradox— He may say he is a Shakespearean and a Baconian as well, as an Anarchist may profess also to be a Conservative. But we have no judgment to pass upon him. We simply give up the enigma and take him as he is. And he is worth taking with or without his paradoxes —a most genial and generous hearted man."

We don't see ourselves that Dr. Morgan is so fearfully hard to understand. He differs perhaps from most Shakespeareans in that he regards the discussion of the Baconism as as much "Shakespeareana," as the interminable reiteration of well known data, and is always hoping that it will develop "mehr licht." To quote from his speech at the Manhattan Hotel dinner: "I don't want to do or say anything that shall by any means put an end to the Bacon-Shakespeare discussion. For I want it to go on forever—for my lifetime at least! It is a large part of the pleasure I get out of life, and I am sure I have no other pleasure so absolutely without alloy! Its discussion is bringing out new facts at every point. The Baconian is not the only anti-Shakespearean Theory by any means! There is, for instance, an already well-edged theory that Marlowe (after killing that man Archer in a duel or a quarrel) was hustled away and concealed from the Sheriff's officers by the theatre-managers, and supported by being employed to supply them with plays, and that these plays were announced as Shakespeare's to keep up the story of Marlowe's death! And I, for one, want all these theories to be aired and discussed, if not for the sake of the facts elicited, then for the sake of the Gaiety of Nations!"

In fact, unusual references to things Shakespearean have lately been "as thick as simples in Bucklersbury in Simple time" in the daily press this last Quarter. Almost all the newspapers printed more or less of a stupid and silly letter from George Bernard Shaw in which he announced, much in the Papyrus vein, that Shakespeare was overrated and that he (Shaw) could write and had written, better acting plays than Shakespeare ever did. The letter is quite too long and too vapid, and too full of misstatements, which—since the authorities are accessible—must be wilful, to reprint here. Concerning it we should only care to say that Shaw is the first person we ever heard of who deliberately invited application of Dr. Johnson's dictum that while a man lives we estimate him at the worst thing he does, but after he is dead by the best he has done. And so that not until after Mr. Shaw is dead can we now assess him by his "Candida" and his "You never can Tell!" Poor Mr. Howells, who is obliged to write just so much "space" each month for Harper's Magazine, and whose space-work is no better than anybody else's, is the only one who seems to have paid any attention to Shaw's mouthings.

Books Received

151. Lives of Great Writers. In the Days of Shakespeare. By Tudor Jenks. Illustrated. Cloth, pp. 288, 16mo. New York. A. S. Barnes & Co.

152. The Shakespeare Story. An outline. By George Pitt Lewis, K. C. Ex. M. P.. Author of the Tenth Edition of Taylor on Evidence, etc. 12mo, paper, pp. 112. London: Swan, Sonnenschein & Co.

153. The Star of Bethlehem. A Miracle Play of the Nativity. Reconstructed from The Townley and other English Cycles of the XIII, XIV and XV Centuries, and supplemented and adapted to modern conditions. By Charles Mills Gayley. 12mo, boards, pp. 70. New York; Fox, Duffeld & Co.

154. The Red-Letter Shakespeare. Each volume a separate play. Dramatis Personæ printed in full and rubricated. Cloth, seven and one-half inches by four inches. Pp. about 100. Decorated. Glasgow and London: Blackie and Son. The Tempest, p. 102. The Merchant of Venice, p. 120. Leather, 1s. 6d. Ed. net. Cloth, 1s. net.

155. Work for Cutler: Or a Merry Dialogue between Sword, Rapier and Dagger, Acted in a Show in the Famous University of Cambridge, A. D. 1615. Edited, with Historical Prologue and Glossarial Epilogue, by Albert Forbes Sieveking, F. R. S., with an Introductory note by Dr. A. W. Ward. Sq. 12mo, de luke, p. 92. Roxburghe, London: C. J. Clay and Sons, Cambridge. The University Press.

132. The Old Spelling Shakespeare. Love's Labor's Lost. Edited by F. J. Furnivale, M. A., Ph.D., Litt. D. Roxburghe. Sm 4to pp. 80. London: Alexander Moring. De La More Press.

133. The First Folio Shakespeare: Loves Labour's Lost. Edited with notes. Introduction. Glossaries. Variorum Readings and Critical Comments by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 265. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

137. Elizabethan Critical Essays. Edited, with an Introduction, by G. Gregory Smith. Cloth, 2 vol. pp. 430-509. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press.

138. Some Readers of Shakespeare in the Eighteenth Century. Edited

by D. Nichol Smith, A. M. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 62-358. New York: The Macmillan Company.

139. Natural History in Shakespeare's Time. By H. H. W. Seager. 12mo, cloth, pp. 360. London: Elliot Stock.

140. The Queen's Progress and other Elizabethan Sketches. By Felix E. Schelling. Sq. 8vo, cloth, pp. 267. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

141. William Shakespeare Pedagogue and Poacher. A Drama, by Richard Garrett. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 111. New York and London: John Lane—The Bodley Head.

158. William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist, and Man. By Hamilton W. Mabie. New Edition. Cloth, 12°, pp. 16+345; cl., net, $1.00. New York: The Macmillan Co.

159. Tragic Drama in Æschylus, Sophocles and Shakespeare. An Essay by Lewis Campbell, M. A., LL.D., Litt. D., Honorary Fellow of Baliol College, Oxford, Emeritus Professor of Greek in the University of St. Andrews. 12mo, cloth, pp. 275. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

160. The Twentieth Century Shakespeare. Edited by Cyrus Landon Hooper. 16mo, cloth. 7½ x 5½ inches, pp. about 144. One play to a volume. Chicago: Ainsworth & Company.

161. The Arden Shakespeare. Edited by Frederick W. Moorman, B. A., Ph.D. Cloth, 6½ x 4½ inches, pp. about 170. One play to a volume. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

162. The Belles Lettre Series: The White Devil and The Duchess of Malfy. By John Webster. Edited by Martin W. Sampson. Professor of English in Indiana University. Cloth, 4½ by 6¼, pp. 422. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

163. The Napoleon Myth. By Henry Ridgely Evans, containing a Reprint of The Grand Erratum by Jean Baptiste Peres, and an introduction by Dr. Paul Carus. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 65, illustrated, Chicago. The Open Court Publishing Company.

164. Noteworthy Opinions, Pro and Con, touching Bacon vs. Shakespeare. Compiled and edited by Edwin Reed, A. M., author of Bacon v. Shakespeare, etc. Roxburghe de luxe. 8vo, pp. 80. Boston: Coburn Publishing Company.

142. William Shakespeare, his Family and Friends. By the late Charles Elton. Edited by A. Hamilton Thompson. With Memoir of the Author by Andrew Lang. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 521. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

143. The Sonnets of Shakespeare. With Introduction and Notes. By

H. C. Beeching, M. A., D. Litt. Cloth, 12mo. pp. 144. Boston: Ginn & Co., the Athanæum Press.

144. The Dowden Shakespeare. Edited by W. J. Craig. The Taming of the Shrew. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by R. Warwick Bond. All's Well That Ends Well. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by W. Osborne Brigstocke. 2 vol. pp. xl-53, lix-164. Cloth, gilt. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

145. Shakespeare's Town and Times. By H. Snowdon Ward and Catharine Weed Ward, Fellows of the Royal Photographic Society and editors of The Photogram. Illustrated, pp. 175, with map, cloth, gilt de luxe. London: Dawrarn & Ward.

146. Der Weg in Shakespeare. Von Theodore Eichhoff. 8vo, paper, pp. 162. Halle: Max Niemeyer. 3 marks 60.

165. Ner Namen Die Hamlettragedie, von P. Heinrich. Paper, 8vo, pp. 90. Leipsig: Verlag von E. Haberland.

166. Shakespeare's Marriage. His Departure from Stratford, and Other Incidents in His Life. By Joseph William Gray. Royal 8vo, cloth, pp. 285. London: Chapman and Hall.

167. William Shakespeare's Sonnette, in Deutcher Nachbildung, von Freidrich Bodenstedt. Funfte Ausgabe. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 275. Berlin: N. v. Decker's Verlag.

168. Shakespeare Ratsel, von Eduard Engel. Paper, pp. 278. Leipsig: Herman Seeman Nachfolger, sq. 12mo.

169. Great Englishmen of The Sixteenth Century. By Sidney Lee. Cloth, pp. 387, 8vo. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

171. Shakespeare's London. By Henry Thew Stephenson, assistant Professor English in Indiana University with map and 40 full-page illustrations from old prints. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 340. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

172. Bell's Miniature Series of Great Writers. Shakespeare. By Alfred Ewen. 16mo, stamped cloth, pp. 128. Illustrated. London: George Bell & Sons.

173. How to Study Shakespeare. By William H. Fleming. Third, Fourth Series. Cloth, 25 pp. 418-350. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

174. A Nonsense Anthology. Collected by Carolyn Wells. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 288. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

175. A Parody Anthology. Collected by Carolyn Wells. Cloth, pp. 388, 12mo. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

176. Bacon Cryptograms in Shakes-Peare and Other Studies. By

Isaac Hull Platt. Roxburge. 12mo, pp. 123. Boston: Small Mhynard and Co.

177. An Elizabethan Virginal Book, Being a Critical Essay on the Contents of a Manuscript in the Fitzwillam Museum at Cambridge. By E. W. Naylor, Mus. Doc. Author of "Shakespeare and Music." Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth, pp. 220. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

178. Specimens of the Elizabethan Drama from Lyly, A. D. 1580, to Shirley, A. D. 1642, with Introduction and Notes by W. H. Williams, M. A., Professor of Classic and English Literature in the University of Tasmania. 12mo. Cloth, pp. 576. Oxford: The Clarendon Press.

179. A Dictionary of the Drama. A Guide to the Plays, Playwrights, Players, and Playhouses of the United Kingdom and America, from the Earliest Times to the Present. By W. Davenport Adams. Vol. I.—A—G. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Company.

180. Shakespeare and Holy Scripture. By Thomas Carter, Doct. Theol. Author of "Shakespeare-Puritan and Recusant." Advance sheets. Imperial 8vo, pp. 490. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

181. Fifty Years of an Actor's Life. By John Coleman. Sixteen plates, containing twenty-six portraits. 2 v, 8vo, pp. xii.-338; 729. New York: James Pott & Co. $6.

182. Shakespeare's Story of His Life. By Charles Creighton, M. D. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 454. London: Grant Richards.

183. The Courtships of Queen Elizabeth. A History of the Various Negotiations for Her Marriage. By Martin Hume. Revised edition, with new chapters. Portrait. Cloth, pp. 404. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

184. History of the London Stage and its Famous Players, (1576-1903). By H. Barton Baker. Portraits. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

185. An Account of the Oringinal Bodleian Copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare. By F. Mandan. G. M. R. Turbutt, and S. Gibson. With seven collotype illustrations. Folio. Cloth. Oxford: F. Mandan. Brazennose College, Oxford. 5 shillings 6d.

132. In 1877 a Mr. Allan Park Paton began in Edinburgh what he called "The Old Spelling Shakespeare;" and he published the whole or a considerable portion of the plays, (though we think the work was abandoned before entire completion). At that date, there were only existing the Lionel Booth, the Halliwell-Phillipp's photo; and the even then rarely-to be met with, Stantons Fac-simile of the First Folio. The "Bankside"

Quarto-Folio parallelizations and the Griggs-Praetorius Quarto facsimiles were as yet unprojected, and Dr. Furness had not, in his New Variorum, decided to use the First Folio, instead of an eclectic text. Now we have, not only all the above enumerated, but the Oxford Fac-simile; but the Methuens and Williams and Norgate are (jointly we believe) issuing a facsimilie of all four Folios! It seems, therefore, a work of supererogation for Dr. Furnivall now in his eighty-first year, to project an "Old Spelling Shakespeare." He has projected one however, and the first Play. The Loves Labour Lost, is before us already. The spelling seems hardly worth perpetuating as it is, if possible worse than ever, being (so far as we can gather,) a mix-up of the Quarto and folio badnesses, as if to show (for we cant guess any other reason) that the great Dramatist was, (as the late A. Ward said Chaucer was and as Dr. Furnivall himself is) "a grate man, but no speller." The only fault we can find with the introductions (that is, if they are to follow the plan of this one) is that the good Dr. says that this or that or the other is of such and such a "group" and of such and such a "period," statements only intelligible when referred to the "Groups" and "Periods" invented by himself in the palmy days of the New Shakespeare Society. These "groups" and "periods," even when considered with straight faces, were passed as Dr. Furnivall's own personal eccentricities; and no scholar ever dreamed of discussing, much less of adopting them. Yet here the good Dr. speaks of them as he would of the Medean and Persian Laws known and obeyed of all mankind. The typography and bookmaking of the series leave nothing to be desired and are a credit to the De La More Press.

133. We believe this the first an Edition of the Plays has appeared edited by young ladies. But any man might be proud of the admirable work that is being done in these volumes which the Messrs. Crowell are issuing in dainty and attractive booklets (or bibelots, as desired). We think the related and prolegomenary matter is beyond praise—judiciously selected and most desirable, and we have not found in all the four volumes but a single error and that an insignificant one to wit. in the Loves Labours Lost, where the editors say on page 34 that a Mr. Lee have recently discovered the fact that the heroic parts of the story of the Loves Labours Lost were borrowed from actual occurrences in the inter-diplomacies of the old Kingdoms of France and Navarre. The fact in question was first announced by Joseph Hunter, a most careful and valuble Shakspearean Commentator, in the year 1845! But it is high praise indeed to say that so slight a thing as this is the only error discoverable in such voluminous work.

140. Cultivated persons whose social duties preclude the rummaging of dusty libraries, but who still crave to know somewhat touching the spacious days of great Elizabeth may read Mr. Schelling's little book with pleasure and profit. He tells you things about the most famous of Englishwomen, and provides her portrait in the character of Diana; he relates something of the fortunes and of the last will and testament of William Breton, merchant of the City of London, and father of Nicholas Breton the poet, and devotes a chapter to that famous adventurer Thomas Stucley or Stukley, whom the Pope and the King of Spain called Duke of Ireland and otherwise honored with empty titles, to say nothing of cash. Another section tells about Sir Fulke Greville and his friendship for Philip Sidney; another about the "boy actors," and how these grew out of choirs and were trained by the choirmasters at first for the Queen's Revels, and afterward for regularly organized professional companies, each with its regular playhouse. in the city. The volume is printed in large, clear, type, with the pages ruled about with black and reproductions of paintings of the period interspersed, while the volume is discursive enough, the author has supplied a pretty full index. The reproductions of portraits are particularly satisfactory.

141. "A stuffed cloth painted like a fish might look like a fish," said Charles Reade, "but if you want to know if it is a fish or not, throw it into the water!" This apropos of wanting to know if a Play is really a Play. Put it on the stage and find out. We don't know why Dr. Richard Garnett thinks he is a Dramatist, or why he jeopardizes his reputation as a librarian and a litterateur by writing the history of Shakespeare's deer stealing (and a good deal that is not history) in form of dialogue, and calling it a "play." Sir Thomas Lucy as a magistrate sits in the trial of the charge of Sir Thomas Lucy against William Shakespeare touching deer stealing. Sir Thomas Lucy's wife (who is in love with William Shakespeare) interrupts the trial. Ann Shakespeare, William's wife, enters and talks out in court both to Sir Thomas and to his wife without rebuke. Sir Thomas gives judgment against Shakespeare when Lord Leicester, as an appellate Court, arrives from London and overrules Sir Thomas. At least this is all we can make out of this "Play." All the characters, peasants, clowns, tipstaves, Lords and Ladies talk in the same stilted Tudor (we suppose it is meant to be, for its like was never yet on land or sea) : English.

142. Few fields of exact research are as indebted as is ours to the avocation of those gentlemen of refined and of educated, as well as of elegant, leisure, who deem themselves quite as much entitled to discuss literary matters as if they earned their livings by professionally writing

books or book-reviews, however pontifically or parochially these professional persons may have gotten themselves into the habit of deciding matters for everybody else! Such a gentleman was the late Charles Isaac Elton Q. C., whose posthumous work "William Shakespeare, His Family, and Friends," is now edited by A. Hamilton Thompson, with a memoir of the author by Andrew Lang. In the prefatory chapter Mr. Lang says: "The following chapters have been formed from the greater portion of the series of papers which the author evidently intended to be the nucleus of an exhaustive work upon Shakespeare. This series dealt with two special subjects. One part of it concerned the biography and family history of Shakespeare and the various places with which his name can be connected. The other division embraced several historical studies relating to the sources and production of 'The Tempest.' The shape in which these papers were left by Mr. Elton was incomplete and disconnected. Some had undergone revision; in some cases two almost parallel versions, apparently of the same chapter, existed, testifying to the scholarly care with which the work had been undertaken and planned. There was no definite indication, however, of the final shape which it had been intended to assume. To the state of completeness at which the various parts had arrived inference was the only guide; their purposed order was matter for pure conjecture." Possibly it may be urged that Mr. Elton's book—thus lacking his own superintendence—contains nothing really new. But we have to confess to reading it even in the imperfect state in which it of necessity reaches us—with abundant delight. And we hold it in hand for further review.

143. As our London correspondent (who keeps current department of this Quarterly posted as to English Shakespeareana,) tells us that the Shakespeare Sonnet Reading camp is divided there between Southamptonites and Pembrokeites. We suppose that would class Mr. Beeching as a zealous "Pembroke man." The pith of this edition is his admirable introduction. And we begin to be sorry for that poor Mr. Lee! When we first pointed our guns that way we were alone. Now here is fire from every Quarter (we had almost said from every Quarterly). Mr. Beeching says that Mr. Lee is his friend, and a learned man and then proceeds to flay him alive. But it would under the circumstances be malicious to quote. Touching the Genesis of the Sonnets, Mr. Beeching says: "Neglecting, however, all questions of word borrowing, which can seldom be conclusively settled, I prefer to rest my case on the broader ground of style. I would ask any one to whom the Shakespearean rhythm is distinct and familiar to read Drayton's last sonnets, * * * above all "Why should your fair eyes

with such sovereign grace," and "Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part," and, if he detects, as he must, some fellowship, I would put to him this question. If a poet at one time could write so like Daniel that his "Clear Ankor, on whose silver-sanded shore" is as good and as characteristic of Daniel as any sonnet that charming writer ever produced, and at another time so not unlike Sidney that his "My heart was slain, and none but you and I" suggests at once the "Astrophel and Stella," is it reasonable, when in turn we find him writing in the school of Shakespeare, that he should be accounted Shakespeare's master and not his pupil? And so it goes on in Saecular Saeculorum! By the way! It is not generally known, perhaps it is remembered by nobody, that the once well known Dr. Nathan Drake (whose "Shakespeare and His Times," London: 1817—which was perhaps the oftenest reprinted of any work of exact Shakespeareana of that day, and which has been rewritten into as many succeeding works as Burton's Anatomy, out of which no book was once said to be without something), once wrote a novel (Noontide Leisure, London 1824) in which Shakespeare was a leading character. An extract from that work comes, we think, as nearly to explaining the unexplainable origin of the sonnets as anybody else has ever come. "I cannot but feel honored my fair hostess, said Shakespeare, by the attention you and your worthy father have paid to these trifles, and will freely confess that prudential motives alone induced the obscurity of which you complain. I was then but rising into public notice, and had these Sonnets, which were extensively circulated as well as among the friends of Southampton as my own, ever reached the Queen as in the slightest manner reflecting on her conduct by sympathizing with the injuries of her Earl, the consequence might have been not only ruinous to myself but, as I thought, highly prejudicial to my friend; I therefore found it necessary, avoiding all direct application to his lordship, to restrict myself to a more general invective against the resolution he had formed, despairing as he did of ever possessing the object of his affection, well knowing that he for whom they were intended would understand me." "Which reminds, as indeed much more recent literature concerning the Sonnets reminds, of the proof that the Knave of Hearts in 'Alice in Wonderland' wrote the anonymous letter. It was not in his handwriting—but that was irrefragible proof, the King ruled, that the designing Knave had disguised his hand!"

144. The Bobbs Merrill Company are issuing one of the most beautiful editions of the Plays that we have ever seen. Each volume contains a separate play. The title pages are rubricated and the text pages are a delight to

the eye. They are in single columns with broad margins and notated lines by fives. The notes by running in short double columns with lesser margins than the text and at the bottom of the page contrive to throw the text into fuller relief and give a unique and most pleasing effect. It is essentially a reading Edition through the notes and both variorum and original for studious purposes.

146. Our German fellow Sharkespeare students have always filled up all numbers and contributed loving and important material to the great Dramatist's cairn, but this is the first time we can remember that a German has written a book to tell us English Shakespeare students what and how to go to work to study our great master. This is what Dr. Eichhoff does now, however. The thing is done via a terrible arraignment of the dead and gone Mr. John Payne Collier, who however, Dr. Eichhoff thinks is not so dead but that he must be killed once more by charging him with an entirely new and hitherto unsuspected series of forgeries. This new charge is, to wit: that when Mr. Collier edited his edition of Henslowe's Diary, he deliberately forged all those "ne" 's which appear added to the names of Plays in that Diary and which are always interpreted by him (Collier) to mean that the play to the name of which the said "ne" was attached, was "new": i. e., a first night's performance, as we would say now. The entries in old Philip Henslowe's Diary were so evidently made at all times and places, and in inks such of varying colors, that such a forgery might have been possible. But we are obliged to say that Dr. Eichhoff does not prove that there was such a set of forgeries nor, except upon the false in one false in all principle, does he attempt, to. As to the temper of Dr. Eichhoff's book, we must beg to observe that to accuse a man of doing a certain thing on the mere fancy (or, if you will, the considerable objective probability); that he did do it, and then to proceed to abuse him spasmodically and shriek at him for doing it, is, well, to say the least—unscholarly. Perhaps, with all his undoubted Shakespearean erudition, Dr. Eichhoff might be himself open to some of the harsh things he says of poor dead and gone Collier. For example, Dr. Eichhoff says, in one place, that an entry is "underlined" (unterstrichen), whereas that entry is not "underlined" at all but inter-lined. He who frames indictments should watch his terms! If there is no nil nisi for him, at least let the dead bury their dead.

151. We must surrender at once to this little book. Surely there must be some consummate art in re-telling a thousand times told-tale so that one who has read the thousandth predecessor will read his re-telling from cover to cover. This is a year of concessions from the Great to the Lowly. The

Czar has recognized his subjects and a Shakesperean—in the person of Mr. Tudor Jenks—has nodded to a Baconian—"It may be admitted (without yielding anything essential to the Baconians) that some of Lord Verulam's jewels may have got imbedded in Shakespeare's plays. For young Francis Bacon was given as a more or less briefless barrister to the writing of masques and such like for the lively young limbs of the law at the Middle Temple—and Shakespeare's company played there." We are afraid however, that the following is not equally true—"The printing presses were restricted; there were no newspapers or periodicals; freedom of speech was not yet tolerated. But upon the stage actors could give expression to sentiments and opinions through the personalities they enacted. They could caricature, could praise, could blame. The stage was not yet even hampered by respectability. Audiences expected license and applauded it, while the strait-laced could remain away. Writing for the stage was hack work, and carried none of the responsibilities of literary authorship." Mr. Tudor Jenks should not overlook Queen Elizabeth's proclamations of April 7th, and of May 16th, 1559 which provide—"And for instruction to euery of the Saide officers her maiestie doth likewise charge every of them as they will annswere—that they permyt none to be played wherein either matters of religion or of the governance of the Estate of the commonweale shalbe handled, or treated; beying no mete matters to be wrytten or treated vpon, but by menne of aucthorite, learning and wisedom, nor to be handled before any audience but of grave and discrete persons"—But it is a mighty clever little book in spite of this oversight.

154. This is another candidate for approval in the convenient pocket or "handy volume" form. The volumes each of which is a separate play—have the following distinctive features, viz. Rubricated names of the characters printed in full, not abbreviated as is usual. Thus the reader will be able easily to distinguish between the speakers, and he will not be displeased by finding the handsome Bassanio disguised as Bass., or dainty Ariel vulgarized as Ari. The volumes presented in two forms, cloth bound and leather bound respectively. The decorations of the cover, as well as the title page, end papers, and other ornamentation, including a series of initial letters, have been specially designed for this edition.

158. Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie has called for a fourth edition of his pretentious and padded "life of Shakespeare," and he responds with one, and of course writes some more by way of Preface (for no opportunity to write words is negligible with Mr. Mabie). Mr. Mabies' Preface this time congratulates himself upon an increased interest in Shakespeare which

will demand four editions of this particular life in two years, (we make it four). If Mr. Mabie had thought best he could have stated in this Preface, that, when he entered a field of biography in which he had expended no special study, in which he was not an authority, and in which he had only casually read a few generally accessible books, he drew a big draft upon the generosity of his fellow journalists, and that his fellow journalists had honored the draft extravagantly. We commend to Mr. Mabie the verses of Ben Johnson prefixed to the first folio. Mr. Mabie will find the lines beginning "These are as if some, etc., which add that Shakespeare is proof against over flatulent praises, "above th' ill fortune of them or the neede." Mr. Mabie has not in this edition climbed out of the pits he fell into by following the false lights of Ireland, Cunningham and The Old Corrector, and he still has Shakespeare sitting in the commons room of that Oxford College discussing the Newness of the Age, as whilom did that novelist who made his hero address his companions as "we men of the middle ages."

155. It would be hard to conceive of pupils of a twentieth Century Kindergarten devoid enough of fancy, imagination or esprit to compose so simple a dialogue as this which was gotten up by students at the famous University of Cambridge at a date (1615) when Shakespeare's best work had been done and his successors were writing worthy plays. It is a most interesting exhibit and justifies the Sieveking's scholarly prolegomeana and the elegant typography which the publishers the Cambridge University Press have given it. A copy of this brochure ought to be in every Shakespeare library to offset the loftiest, with what, so far as we have gone, is the most callow literary performance of that date.

161. The peculiar features of this edition are a subordination of the grammatical and philological characteristics of the plays to the dramatic and literary form thereof. We should call this a Shakespeare for esthetic rather than for criitcal, study, and it has, and will find, its due place. In the separate volume before us: the theme of History in Drama, and its particular significance in the development of the "English Histories," and the study of Shakespeare's relation to his predecessors, are treated in a safe and helpful way. The appendix on Shakespeare's Prosody, in which the illustrative passages from the play are properly brought together, will help both teacher and student, and the appended Glossary of words is a good one.

165. "It required England three hundred years," says Victor Hugo, "to catch those two words that the whole world shouted in her ear, 'William Shakspeare.' The glory of Shakespeare reached England from abroad.

There was almost a definite day and hour when one might have been present at the landing of his fame at Dover." If M. Hugo had said one hundred and seventy-five or even two hundred years, he would have been wonderfully accurate. As a matter of fact the Germans did discover Shakespeare for England. But we regret to say that Germany is sending us some anything but valuable books just at present. This one at least, is hardly of importance enough to merit printing. That a German should find his time of so little a value as to figure out opaque significances to the names of the characters in 'Hamlet,' and to gravely (if he does it gravely—possibly we are so inexpert at German as to disascertain that this book is a very clumsy joke) assert that Shakespeare frames these names out of allusive ideas as to what the characteristics of his character should be—is astounding! All mankind knows where the names of the persons in Hamlet came from."

169. We beg to refer our readers who have written to chide us for regarding the gentleman who writes under the name of Sidney Lee as a rechauffeur, who had nothing to add to the stores of information which any tolerable encyclopaedia could have furnished him, to this, his last, book. There is nothing in it to justify its publication. The paper and press work and the portraits selected by the publishers however are first rate.

166. The title to this work "Shakespeare's Marriage and Departure from Stratford," indicates that it travels strictly within the area of the most conjectural and most contested portion of the Shakespeare biography. And Mr. Grey is cautious to the limits of caution itself, in winnowing this area. He asserts nothing, and as to even unchallenged statements and highly probable traditions he is careful to demonstrate how they might be otherwise. Such conscientiousness is rare indeed. The rule is mostly the other way in Shakespearean things. The gravemen of Mr. Gray's work is to find out why Shakespeare's marriage bond weds him with Ann Hathway, while the lisence weds him with Anne Whateley. That is, if it is the same man. For, to be exact, it is "William Shagspere" who is to marry Anne Hathway (sic) and "William Shaxpere" who is to marry Anne Whateley, The question seems one that cannot be solved by any aid of circumstantial evidence for circumstantial evidence there is absolutely none at all. Shakespeare himself being a minor does not sign the bond at all, and so we have not even his signature to help us. And there is no jurat or attestation attached to the Bond. As to the name "Whateley" in the Lisence, the only new suggestion Mr. Gray can bring is, that the clerk who wrote the body of it may have just been entering minutes concerning a suit pending in the same Consistorial jurisdiction by William Whateley Vicar of Crowle against Arnold

Leight for non payment of tithes, (which suit, it appears, was tried on the twenty-seventh day of November, 1582, the date of Shakespeare's lisence), and so have put down a name running in his thoughts. But Mr. Grey is laughing as he brings it. He does, however, show by a demonstration (that were our interest less would be tiresome) that clerical errors in names were in those days very common even in the same instrument, and that unless the parties were very distinguished or very important it was more likely than not that the scrivener would be about as careless as he could be. For example, Mr. Gray finds in contemporary records that in a bond for the marriage of John Baker and Joan Barber, the bride's name is elsewhere written "Baker," and, similarly in the course of entries, a bridegroom's name in the bond is "Bradeley," and in the Register "Darby." In another case a bridegroom is Humphrey Edgecock in one place and Edgock in another. These bridegrooms sign the bonds in the last two cases however, and so tell us which is right. Unfortunately in Shakepeare's case nobody knows in which case the bride's name is given correctly. One item however seems interesting, and well taken, namely that it is not impossible according to authorities that Susannah Shakespeare may after all have been begotten in wedlock. In an appendix, Mr. Grey gives another version of the Latten spoon story in which from the turged syntax it is hard to tell whether the pun is attributed to Ben Jonson and the tale told of a child of Shakespeare's or the reverse. And the verses, too, are interesting. "In the mss. of Dr. Plume, vicar of Greenwich 1657-9, is the following: 'Ben Jonson at the christening of Shakespeare, his child to which he was invited godfather, said to him—"Now you expect a great matter. But I will give it a Latin (latten) spoon and you shall translate it.' " He (Shakespeare) was a glover's son. Sir John Mennes saw once his old father in his shop—a merry-cheekt old man that said 'Will was a good honest fellow, but he darest have crakt a jeast with him att anytime.' Mr. Gray adds, however, 'Dr. Clarke to whom I am indebted for these extracts points out that Dr. Plume was wrong in attributing the interview with John Shakespeare to Vice Admiral Sir John Mennes who was born in 1598 or 1599, whereas John Shakespeare died in 1601, (page 174) Mr. Grey's Appendix xi. is as follows: 'Among the Mss. books in the Diocesan Registry at Worcester is a rough quarto volume bound in vellum, containing consistory court precedents, miscellaneous extracts from other authors, and what appear to be original verses. On a front fly leaf of the book is the name "John Pryce," who was Chancellor of the Diocese 1696-1705. There is also the date 1676. On folio 73b is the following:

"Ben Jonson traveling from London to Oxford upon a Valentine's day meets an Highwayman—

Ben Jonson. Flee hence or by thy coat of steele
Ile make thy breast my brasen bullet feele
And send that thrice as theevish soule of thine
To Hell to be the Devil's valentine.

Reply by ye Hman.

Robber. Art thou great Ben or ye revived ghost
Of famous Shakespeare or some drunken host
That being tipsy wth thy muddy beer.
Dost think thy rhyme shal dawnt my soul with feare.

Know this base slave that I am one of those
Can take a purse as well in verse as proes
And wn thou art dead wright this upon thy herse
Here ly's a Poet yt was robb'd in verse—' "

We commend this book as useful, reliable and convenient.

173. We can think of nothing to which this persistent getting out of Fleming's book can be compared, except to Goodman Anthony Dull's persistence in maintaining that a Prickett was a Prickett and not a Haud Credo. If these two volumes are a little more vapid and callow than their predecessors, it is only for the same reason that white sheep eat more than black ones—because there are more pages in two of Fleming's books than in one! However there is some relief in the fact that, in one of the volumes before us Mr. Fleming leaves for a moment consideration of what (in his opinion) Shakespeare did or did not do, to tell what Shakespeare—had he been a Mr. Fleming—might have accomplished. To wit: (Touching the I and II Henry the Fourth) "This is one of Shakespeare's early plays. He has allowed his love of humor and genius for portraying it to overshadow his architectorics and causes faulty construction, a mistake he seldom makes when he has attained maturity."

"Question—As a Dramatic artist does this manifest faulty construction?"

"Answer—Undoubtedly it is almost wholly comic. Shakespeare had unquestionably intended to make this play a Tragedy, the main action of which was the tragic experiences of Henry IV. But he allowed his genius

for the portrayal of the comic, to run wild. It is almost wholly comic, the tragic being entirely subordinated thereto." If this is incoherent in its loose syntax, it is not our fault. This is literally Mr. Fleming's own wording in the two places in which he demonstrates Shakespeare's puerile folly in creating a Falstaff, and his crew of funny scalawags and droll bottle-ale rascals, when he (Shakespeare) if he had only been a little more experienced in Play writing, might have made the Two Parts of the Henry Fourth a real simon-pure tragedy!

Contrast this however with the real dramatic abiilty which Shakespeare (as Mr. Fleming admits) reveals when he comes to handle bigger things; as the Weather for example.

"Question—What reference to the weather, full of warning and foreboding, does Benvolio make, and what is the dramatic and purpose of that reference? Answer—It reveals local color, dramatic atmosphere, it describes the conditions existing in Verona at that time." But if Falstaff was the mistake of Shakespeare's youth, Imogen was the error of his decadence. Of "Cymbeline," Mr. Fleming's catechism is as follows:

"Question—This play manifests the decadence of Shakespeare's Art. What are some of the evidences of that? Answer—There is a very marked absence of historical vraisemblance. The metre is loose and irregular, the thought is obscure, the structure is involved—complicated. Altogether the play lacks spontaneity, etc., etc." (Vol. IV, p. 163).

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